

THE MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1805.

NO. 15.

Classical Literature.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABISSINIA.

They enter Cairo, and find every Man happy.

AS they approached the city, which filled the strangers with astonishment, "This," said Imlac, to the prince, "is the place where travellers and merchants assemble from all corners of the earth. You will here find men of every character and every occupation. Commerce is here honourable: I will act as a merchant, and you shall live as strangers, who have no other end of travel than curiosity. It will soon be observed that we are rich: our reputation will procure us access to all whom we shall desire to know; you will see all the conditions of humanity, and enable yourself at leisure to make your *choice of life*."

They now entered the town, stunned by the noise, and offended by the crowds. Instruction had not yet so prevailed over habit, but that they wondered to see themselves pass undistinguished along the street, and met by the lowest of the people without reverence or notice. The princess could not at first bear the thought of being levelled with the vulgar, and for some days continued in her chamber, where she was served by her favourite Pekuah as in the palace of the valley.

Imlac, who understood to traffic, sold part of the jewels the next day, and hired a house, which he adorned with such magnificence, that he was immediately considered as a merchant of great wealth. His politeness attracted many acquaintance, and his generosity made him courted by many dependants. His table was crowded by men of every nation; and all admired his knowledge, and solicited his favour. His companions not being able to mix in the conversation, could make no discovery of their ignorance or surprise, and were gradually initiated in the world as they gained knowledge of the language.

The prince had, by frequent lectures, been taught the use and nature of money; but the ladies could not, for a long time, comprehend what the merchants did with small pieces of gold and silver, or why things of so little use should be received as equivalent to the necessities of life.

The studied the language two years, while Imlac was preparing to set before them the various ranks and conditions of mankind. He grew acquainted with all who had any thing uncommon in their fortune or conduct. He frequented the voluptuous and the frugal, the idle and the busy, the merchants and the men of learning.

The prince being now able to converse with fluency, and having learned the caution necessary to be observed in his intercourse with

strangers, began to accompany Imlac to places of resort, and to enter into all assemblies, that he might make his *choice of life*.

For some time he thought choice needless, because all appeared to him equally happy. Wherever he went he met gaiety and kindness, and heard the song of joy, or the laugh of carelessness. He began to believe that the world overflowed with universal plenty, and that nothing was withheld either from want or merit; that every hand showered liberality, and every heart melted with benevolence: "and who then," says he, "will be suffered to be wretched?"

Imlac permitted the pleasing delusion, and was unwilling to crush the hope of inexperience; till one day, having sat a while silent, "I know not," said the prince, "what can be the reason that I am more unhappy than any of our friends. I see them perpetually and unalterably cheerful, but feel my own mind restless and uneasy. I am unsatisfied with those pleasures which I seem most to court. I live in the crowds of jollity, not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself, and am only loud and merry to conceal my sadness."

"Every man," said Imlac, "may, by examining his own mind, guess what passes in the minds of others: when you feel that your own gaiety is counterfeit, it may justly lead you to suspect that of your companions not to be sincere. Envy is commonly reciprocal. We are long before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found, and each believes it possessed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himself. In the assembly, where you passed the last night, there appeared such sprightliness of air, and volatility of fancy, as might have suited beings of an higher order, formed to inhabit serener regions, inaccessible to care or sorrow: yet, believe me, prince, there was not one who did not dread the moment when solitude should deliver him to the tyranny of reflection."

"This," said the prince, "may be true of others, since it is true of me; yet, whatever be the general infelicity of man, one condition is more happy than another, and wisdom surely directs us to take the least evil in the *choice of life*."

"The causes of good and evil," answered Imlac, "are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestible reasons of preference, must live and die inquiring and deliberating."

"But surely," said Rasselas, "the wise men, to whom we listen with reverence and wonder, chose that mode of life for themselves which they thought most likely to make them happy."

"Very few," said the poet, "live by choice. Every man is placed in his present condition

by causes which acted without his foresight, and with which he did not always willingly co-operate; and therefore you will rarely meet one who does not think the lot of his neighbour better than his own."

"I am pleased to think," said the prince, "that my birth has given me at least one advantage over others, by enabling me to determine for myself. I have here the world before me; I will review it at leisure: surely happiness is somewhere to be found."

The Prince associates with Young Men of Spirit and Gaiety.

RASSELAS rose next day, and resolved to begin his experiments upon life. "Youth," cried he, "is the time of gladness: I will join myself to the young men, whose only business is to gratify their desires, and whose time is all spent in a succession of enjoyments."

To such societies he was readily admitted; but a few days brought him back weary and disgusted. Their mirth was without images, their laughter without motive; their pleasures were gross and sensual, in which the mind had no part; their conduct was at once wild and mean; they laughed at order and at law; but the frown of power dejected, and the eye of wisdom abashed them.

The prince soon concluded, that he should never be happy in a course of life, of which he was ashamed. He thought it unsuitable to a reasonable being to act without a plan, and to be sad or cheerful only by chance. "Happiness," said he, "must be something solid and permanent, without fear and without uncertainty."

But his young companions had gained so much of his regard by their frankness and courtesy, that he could not leave them without warning and remonstrance. "My friends," said he, "I have seriously considered our manners and our prospects, and find that we have mistaken our own interest. The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks never can be wise. Perpetual levity must end in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short or miserable. Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men and the means of doing good. Let us, therefore, stop, while to stop is in our power: let us live as men who are some time to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced."

They stared awhile in silence one upon another, and, at last, drove him away by a general chorus of continued laughter.

The consciousness that his sentiments were just, and his intentions kind, was scarcely sufficient to support him against the horror of derision. But he recovered his tranquillity, and pursued his search.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

MR. ORAM,

THE account given of the *Fountain and Drooping Trees*, in your last Miscellany, has induced me to offer you an extract taken from a manuscript, which I have seen, of a gentleman who resided near the great cypress swamp, which lies in the states of Delaware and Maryland.

As it is not too late to make inquiry of persons who resided near the cypress swamp in 1778-79, &c. I wish the following account of the *Raining-Tree* to be published; and, at the same time, solicit the favour of correct information respecting this wonderful phenomenon.

LINNEUS.

RAINING-TREE.

"IN September, 1778, an exceeding dry time, as my son was coming out of the cypress swamp,* he discovered a *raining-tree*. His account led me immediately to examine it, which I found literally true. In order to establish such an uncommon fact, I invited several persons of good sense and veracity to be witness of this singular phenomenon, among whom were General Dagworthy, his lady, &c. During all the time it rained the weather was very dry; the mercury in the barometer stood higher than I had observed it for two months before; and there were few clouds to be seen. The drops were very small, and shot out beyond the branches of the tree. It afforded one continual shower of fine rain for three weeks, and then left off till September 1779, when it began again, and rained nearly as long as before. In 1780, though I visited it often, I could never find it raining; which led me to conclude, as the tree shewed evident symptoms of decay, that it would rain no more; but in September, 1781, it began again, but did not continue to rain for more than two weeks. In August, 1782, it was scorched by the great fire in the cypress swamp, since which time it has not rained at all.—The tree that possesses this singular property is an old black gum, about 2 feet diameter, and full 60 feet high. It stands on the fast land, about 200 yards from the cedar swamp, and there is a water-hole near it that is seldom dry. The drops tasted like rain water. It is not difficult to conceive, that this tree may have an extraordinary power to pump up the juices or sap from its root, in greater abundance than will assimilate; but how, or in what manner, it is projected with such force from thence, is utterly beyond my philosophy to account for."

J. J.

* In Dagsbury hundred, Sussex county, State of Delaware.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

MR. ORAM,

You have endeavoured, in all your numbers of the Miscellany, to raise the vanity of the ladies, by telling all their good qualities; while their faults, which are neither "few nor small," you pass unnoticed. This is evidently wrong, and, with your permission, will correct the procedure.

TO THE LADIES.

WITH the utmost humility I appear before you. I approach as a friend; and shall be scrupulously fearful of giving offence; well aware, that

"Earth has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
"Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd."

You come forward on this great theatre with the same natural endowments and mental qualifications that adorn the opposite species of creation; you were cast in a mould featured with the same traits of moral excellence. Yet, while *he*, progressing to the summit of human perfection, fulfils the object of his existence; *you* take a retrograde direction, and, by soaring in the region of supernatural extravagancy, pervert the order and system delineated by the finger of Divinity.

If the works of nature have no charms for your contemplation; if the order and system of the universe are too vast for your limited conceptions; you do right to throw aside natural history in a neglected corner, and substitute the folio of romance. If the great events that have presented themselves on the stage of human existence; if the rise and fall of empires, and the illustrious characters that have acted on the globe, do not serve at least to fill up the vacuum of time, and are unworthy your superior rank in being; spurn at history and biography, and take up the novel to tickle the fancy and amuse the imagination. If the history of the earth is beneath the dignity of your understanding; or, if the more complicated sciences of astronomy, mathematics, and moral philosophy, afford no relish; substitute the fairy tale and the fable.

Had that original capacity which you have corrupted, been applied to scientific research, you had been extricated from the imputations now common to your sex. By application to literary pursuits, your primitive judgment had been strengthened, and your natural capacity invigorated. You would have appreciated your native delicacy and tenderness, by resolute firmness and dignified deportment. You had been worthy of existence. Never conceive that man was the favourite of creation; that his superiority is innate. It is education makes distinctions, and not a partial dispensation of the favours of Providence.

This from the

FRIEND OF WOMAN.

Loggerhead Square.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

"One fool lolls out his tongue at another,
"And shakes his empty noddle at his brother."

THE Loggerhead-square ladies have had a lengthy debate on two publications, which have appeared in your paper—"Dick Splash," and the one that gave rise to it. The question was, "*Which production is the most stupid?*"

Henrietta, who filled the chair, said, that they were both too puerile for to employ their time; and made a motion, that the papers containing them be burnt. The motion was not seconded.

Julia said, that one brain engendered them both; and that its mate, for insipidity, could not be found in Trenton or elsewhere: and that he had been guilty of a libel on the good sense of the ladies of this city, in asserting, that he is much in their company... Therefore moved, that he be notified to answer the same to this society.

Molly would have seconded the motion, she said, but that she did not wish to have her ears offended by any more of his nonsense.

After much warmth had been displayed among the disputants, without determining the question, they resolved, That their proceedings be published, and that they meet again.

By order,

JOCULUS, Sec.

P. S. I had almost forgot to mention, that, in the debate, "*Quid*" was spoken of as being fully qualified to rank with the two before mentioned scribblers.—Clara is preparing a question for him, but she expects he will, as heretofore, declare it, "*unanswerable*."

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF GRATITUDE IN AN INDIAN.

AN Indian, who had not met with his usual success in hunting, wandered down to a plantation among the back settlements in Virginia, and seeing a planter at his door, asked for a morsel of bread, for he was very hungry. The planter bid him begone, for he would give him none. "Will you give me then a cup of your beer?" said the Indian. "No; you shall have none here," replied the planter. "But I am very faint," said the savage; "will you give me only a draught of cold water?" "Get you gone, you Indian dog, you shall have nothing here," said the planter. It happened some months after that the planter went on a shooting party up into the woods, where, intent upon his game, he missed his company, and lost his way, and night coming on, he wandered through the forest, till he espied an Indian wigwam. He approached the Savage's habitation, and asked him to shew him the way to a plantation on that side the country.—"It is too late for you to go there this evening, Sir," said the Indian; "but if you will accept of my homely fare, you are welcome." He then offered him some venison, and such other refreshment as his store afforded; and having laid some bear skins for his bed, he desired that

he would repose himself for the night, and he would awake him early in the morning, and conduct him on his way. Accordingly in the morning they set off, and the Indian led him out of the forest, and put him in the road he was to go; but just as they were taking leave he stepped before the planter, and turning round, staring full in his face, bid him say, whether he recollected his features. The planter was now struck with shame and horror, when he beheld in his kind protector, the Indian whom he had so harshly treated. He confessed that he knew him, and was full of excuses for his brutal behaviour; to which the Indian only replied, "When you see poor Indian fainting for a cup of cold water, don't say again, 'Get you gone, you Indian dog!'" The Indian then wished him well on his journey, and left him. It is not difficult to say which of these two had the best claim to the name of Christian.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF HUMANITY.

A NATIVE of Holland, who had lived from his early youth a rural life in the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, happened to be on horseback on the coast, at the very point of time that a vessel was shipwrecked by a dreadful tempest: the greatest part of the crew perished in the waves: the remainder were struggling with death on the shattered planks that still floated on the surface of the water: no boat could be sent out in such a dreadful storm for the deliverance of these poor people: the humane and intrepid Hollander undertakes to save them; he blows brandy into the nostrils of his horse, and fixing himself firmly in his stirrups, he plunges into the sea, and gaining the wreck, brings back to the shore two men of the crew, each of whom held by one of his boots. In this manner he went and returned seven times, and thus saved fourteen of the passengers. But the eighth time (and here the generous heart will almost fail) on his return a rapid and immense surge overset his horse: the heroic rider lost his seat, and was swallowed up with the two unfortunate victims he was endeavouring to snatch from death. What exit could be more glorious than that of this generous man? We celebrate the chiefs who expire in the field of battle, among the victims they have been sacrificing; and if their motives are just and spirited, let them have their glory! but we cannot help contemplating with a more pleasing kind of admiration this intrepid man, dying in an attempt to save his fellow creatures from destruction.

CONVERSATION.

EVERY body wishes to be agreeable in conversation; but frequent attempts to shine in it produce displeasure. To be really successful requires a cautious use of the advantages we possess, and to guard against excess; for it is of the essence of conversation, that every member in company should have an opportunity of speaking in turn. When the ball comes to us we should pass it to our neighbour. We must

also learn to discard subjects not suited to our society; to adapt our discourse to its character; not to talk of the sciences to women; or of furbelows to men of science.

We are all, more or less, subject to take a wrong bias, and to contract certain habits of which we afterwards find it difficult to divest ourselves. The following are some of the principal. In the first place it is not uncommon to see many who know not how to say any thing without excessive grimace and gesticulation. These are a kind of harlequins, who must be permitted to act a pantomime before their mirrors, and who have a mask ready for every occasion; or they may be ranked with buffoons, who express themselves by imitative gestures; but, like bad painters, are obliged to write the names of their pictures, that people may know what they are intended to represent.

After these come your fine orators, your emphatic speakers, who delight in their sonorous periods, and dwell on monosyllables, as if nothing could fall from their lips that was not of the greatest weight and importance.

Whisperers, a species of people who deal in little chit-chat words, uttered with a hissing sound, too low to be distinctly heard, occupy the rank immediately next,

To these succeed your stentorian speakers, who ask you how you do with the tone of a public crier.

There is a kind of light, babbling conversation, which may suit very well the flexible and delicate organ of a fine woman. But this little jargon does not become the voice of a man, which should correspond with the robustness of his frame and the boldness of his nature.

There are some people who have habitual phrases, which they are constantly introducing, often mal-a-propos: and others who treat the most trifling with as much solemnity as the most serious subjects. We also see many who are astonished at every thing, and express surprise if they only ask what hour it is.

In fine, we meet thousands as frugal of their words as others are prodigal, and who seldom articulate, but—yes, or no.

The relations of men in society, arising from conversation, essentially distinguish them from the brute creation. We ought, then, to endeavour to draw every possible advantage from the gift of speech, and to improve it to the utmost of our power; to consider the tongue as the organ of the understanding; to guard particularly against its debasement by making it the instrument of Vice or Folly; and to strive to divest ourselves of those habits which tend to depreciate this grand prerogative of human kind.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE,

Related by Scrofani, a Sicilian, who has lately published his travels through Greece.

HELEN Mattaranga, aged twenty years, lately witnessed the decease of a young man of her village, whom she had loved. She was to have married him: but her parents, from interested motives, had compelled her to marry another. The night after his interment; Helen saw the phantom of her lover standing in

silence at the foot of her bed. It appeared to her on the second and third nights immediately following. She at first imagined that her lover's soul was in purgatory, and that it came to demand relief of her; in consequence of which, she caused two masses to be said, distributed bread and money to the poor, and sent an offering of a fine fat sheep to the convent of Panagia. The spectre continued not the less its regular appearance; on the contrary, it afterwards appeared as she began to sleep. How then was she to be delivered? Superstition furnished the means, and here they are.

One night, when her husband was at a neighbouring village, she arose, took with her a hammer and nails, went barefooted to the burying-ground, took the body of her lover out of the earth, and, notwithstanding the fetid odour and corruption which it exhaled, she embraced it repeatedly, bathed it with her tears, and then drove four large nails through the feet and hands. Having thus fastened it to the earth, she returned home, passed the remainder of the night in tranquillity, and from that time the spectre discontinued its visits.

What an unheard of mixture of courage, superstition, and love! Picture to yourself this young girl, in the middle of the night, terrified at the sight of the phantom; behold her leaving her home, approaching the tomb of her lover, feeling round it, recognizing his body, uncovering it, suffering the almost insupportable odour, embracing it!—outraging it!—What agitated feelings! what chilling perspirations! How much the fear of being surprised must perturb her soul, and freeze her senses! Yet this woman, whose sensibility in antient times would have been celebrated on the theatres of Greece, was on the point of being punished with the utmost severity. Helen confided her secret to a friend, and this friend to the relations of the deceased, who failed not to make their remonstrances; and according to an antient law, to demand the death of her who had dared to outrage a dead body. The overseer, Bembo, proved an advocate and protector to this young girl, and suppressed the affair. Without doubt he was worthy of commanding, for he knew the value of sensibility.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Quid" will appear next week, as will also "Pat O'Yawn."

"Euphemia" and "Sarah Sly" are under consideration; and, if enough has not already been said on the meetings of the ladies, we likely may give place to these communications.

Crenton Academy.

A Quarterly Examination of the pupils belonging to this academy, will be held on Friday and Saturday next. Classical gentlemen will particularly oblige by attending on Saturday forenoon.

By Order of the Trustees,

D. DOYLE, Principal.

September 14, 1805.

Seat of the Muses.

MY NOISELESS HOURS I GIVE,
BLEST POETRY, TO THEE!

THE VILLAGE MAID.

A BALLAD.

Written at Twelve Years of Age.

ACROSS the fields in spring, one morn,

I met a damsel fair:

"Oh! why in haste my lovely maid?

"Thy looks seem full of care."

"My name is Emma," she replied:

"I live near yonder glade:

"Once Henry did endear the scene,

"Once Henry's village maid.

"Soon as the dewy eve came on,

"We'd hie to yonder mead,

"With village maids, and village swains,

"To hear my Henry's reed.

"But, oh! too soon I saw him torn

"From one who held him dear.

"He said, 'Fair Emma, do not grieve,'

"And wip'd the starting tear.

"My country now demands my aid;

"From thee I must depart;

"Yet while I'm absent, thou shalt be

"Still dearer to my heart!"

"Ah! now I feel how hard it is

"Love's anguish to endure:

"My bosom oft with sorrow heaves...

"Ah! none but he can cure.

"To yonder mead forlorn I stray,

"Where oft we us'd to rove;

"'Tis there I sigh the live-long day;

"'Tis there I learnt to love.

"There will I seat me by the stream

"That murmurs thro' the glade,

"And watch till Henry shall return

"To cheer his village maid."

A faithful Copy of a paper written by a poor wretch, in the County of Sligo, in Ireland, who actually put his unhappy resolve into execution, just in the manner he himself mentions. On the superscription: "This will be found after my deth, if thea look sharp.

"DENNIS TOOLE."

As I noe the people that has fownd my car-kase is curious about the manner of my deth, which is something out o'the way, I'll giv'em aul the satisfakshon in my power about it, as I noe the hole mattur from beginnin to end, which is my own misforthun that I married a cross woman that's never plazed but when she's after vexin mee and spending my substanse, whereby I hav bin redused to grate shifts as all the world noes, and fader M'Donogh in particular, and I don't luv to be rippen up ould soares.

It may be reported, as the world's gratefully giv'n to lyn, that I dy'd by axident, but that's a mistake, for I throw'd miself into the river o'Wensday eeven and so drounded miself of my own ackord; becin tir'd of the wurld, and fretted out of my life; and as the littel that's left of my substanse is not much, I hoap ther will be no quarlin aboutt my dispoasin of it in the following manner. Ther may be in my breeches pokket (as I put thear all I cood geat togedder) about somethin less than half a gin-

ny in silver and sixpenses, with some ha'pense: give that to lit le DOLLY MAGINNIS at farmer DELAYS. The people say'd and so did my wyfe, that I had unlawful dooins wid her;—but that's a lye of her oan inventin, and if I was alive I'd say itt to her faase, so let noboddy go to reflekt on her upon my ackount, for, as I hoap to live, I declare wid my dying breth, I doant noe for sartinty whether she be man or woman.

PETER DOYLE makes mee pay too much for my kabbin and the little bit of potaty grownd belongin to itt, butt I make itt anser by chaytin the Parson and wone way or oder, so I leav itt to my youngest son Robbin, becaze I luvv him better nor Corny. As for him and his muder, thea'll provide for themselves; I had enuff too doo to mentain 'em during my life, and I'm sure I'll not trubble my hed about 'em now Ime ded.

My Sow and Piggs, and my Crucifix, along wid my bades, my tobacco-stopper, my too hens, and my mass-book, I leav to Fader Mc-Donogh, for though he squeezes hellfire hard, he's a good sowl enuff at the bottom. My oak sapplin, my dog Smutt, my woollen night Cap, and my razure, I give to honest Toby Hooragen, for he's the best crathur that ever drew breth, tho' the people give out oderwise bekaze he takes a sup, and has turn'd his children out o'doors; my best shurt I give to the saam Toby Hooragen: as for the toder it's the won I have on now, and not worth any body's takin, so I lave it to my wife that she may have no rason to complane.

I forgivv aul the wurld excepin my wife, and her I forgivv too, but its against my will and only to humour Fader Mc-Donogh and keep my poor sowl out of purgatory. I doant ritely noe whear I shall go to, but Ime pretty easy aboutt that, as I got absolution cunningly to day, widout the Preest's knowing what I had got in my hed.

It may seem odd for a poor man such as me to putt himself outt of the wurld as it is onely your grate people that teaks them figaries, but our lanlord is so pleguy tite wid us that wee must eder doo it or starve, so that to be shure it 'll groe a fashon in time amungst us as well as the rich, and in my mind wee havv the best rite to doo it.

I boar an indifferent good karekter while I was alive; and would have knock'd the biggest man down that dar'd say a wurd agenst it;—but now I'm ded thea may say what they plaze, and to be shure thea'll say bad enuff, but the divlle reward 'em and my curse lite upon 'em.

I die in charity wid evvry body, and wish well to such as had a regard for mee; as for the rest I kare not for 'em all, and may the grass groe before thear door. I doant kare three straws whear thea berry me, so as thea don't let my corpse stay in the wauter, for I woodn't like to be ett by the fishes; of the too Ide rader the crows had mee, bekaze its more natheral: theall have no pretense for ottomizing me, and the rest I may be pretty eazy aboutt.

I didn't think to say half so much, but as it's likely to be the last time I shail sett penn to payper, I was willing to take my fill of it; and as to the makin away wid myself and the

like of that, it is no more than what every body has a rite to do: as for that matter I noe I shan't be mist, for the parson in won of his kross fits t'other day, told me I was little good for, the neger. As to good nathur indeed I had never much to spare, but I aulways took care of won, and that was going by the rule of the Gospel, for it is said somewhere in the old testymnt that charity begins at home.

If I waulk after my deth, Ile hant my wife to vex her.

I was devided betuixt hanging and drounding, and sadly troubled which to chuse: but at last I resolved upon this way that I haave taken, as I thaut it wasn't quite so vulgar as toder, for they hang clippers and coiners, and teevs and murdrers, but never dround 'em. So I depart this lyfe in the forty-aith year of my age without wincing or whinning, but like a man at my own free moshon and choyce, being, at aul times, both in lyfe and deth, a sin-ceare member of the hoaly mother church of Room, wid full assurance of going to heaven if Fader Mc-Donogh isn't the biggest roague upon the fase of the yearth; for, tho' I didn't mind my work much, nor wassn't givv'n to charity, nor very sober, nor didn't mind much like such trifling things, I aulways went reg-clar to Chappil, and never begrudged the church, nor stinted it of its duw, so he tould me often and often to make myself easy for that Ide go there of coorse.

And I have roat this payper all wid my oane hand, and sett my naam boath at the beginnin and end of itt, that my wyfe and Corny mayn't say that its a forgery, for thea are cappable of any thing that's spyteful and con-treary, so the Lord Jesus have mercy on my sowl, and may the hoaley Vergin taak mee to her bosom this 16th day of February, 1767.

DENNIS TOOLE.

TRENTON BOOK-STORE.

FOR SALE,

By JAMES ORAM, near the Presbyterian Church, a general assortment of

Books & Stationary:

Among which are.....

BIBLES, school and family.

Testaments, large and small.

Watts' Psalms and Hymns, different sizes]

Pierce's Spelling Book.

Webster's do.

Union do.

Child's Instructor.

American Tutors Assistant.

Dilworth's do.

Young Gentleman and Lady's Monitor.

Scott's Lessons.

Murray's English Reader.

Introduction.

Grammar, large and small.

Columbian Orator.

American Preceptor. Geographies.

Davidson's Latin Grammar.

Rudiman's do.

Mair's Introduction.

Clarke's do.

BLANK BOOKS, PAPER, &c.

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